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ODES AND HYMNS,

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED FOR THE

Berkshire Jubilee.

BY EZEKIEL BACON.

Preliminary Note.

The following Odes and Hymns, designed for the sacred and secular services of the BERKSHIRE JUBILEE, were written pursuant to the invitation of the general Committee in the City of New-York, having that matter in charge. They are now respectfully submitted in this form by the author to his brother emigrants, as the most desirable mode in which he would wish to offer his small contribution to the services of an occasion in which his heart has taken a deep interest, and are affectionately dedicated to his former fellow-citizens of Berkshire; a community with whom it has been his good fortune in other years, in common with his and their revered ancestors, to hold many interesting civil and social relations; and towards whom he shall ever cherish, and takes pleasure now in expressing the most heart-felt gratitude for the many unmerited favors received at their hand, in days that are past.

Utica, N. Y. August 15, 1844.



ODES AND HYMNS.

THE PILGRIM'S RETURN.

Hark ! from our "Father land" we hear
It's fond inviting voice ;
"Haste to your natal Jubilee,
And with my sons rejoice."

We come, we come, from distant climes,
With joy to greet the day,
And in thy sacred temples here
Once more our vows to pay.

We come from Maine's stern rock-bound coast,
From homes upon the deep,
From where bloom Vine and Orange groves,
And balmy Zephyrs sleep.

Where e'er our wandering feet may roam,
Where e'er our lot is cast,
To thee dear land our hearts still turn,
Our first-love,—and our last.

For on thy fair and fostering soil
Our cradled limbs were rocked ;
To thee our early years were given,
Our ripe affections locked.

And though the bosoms kind that nursed
 Our infancy may rest
 Within their "dark and narrow bed,"
 In clay cold vestments drest ;

The temples where we humbly knelt
 No more may lift their spires ;
 And in the old paternal halls
 May cease their wonted fires ;

Yet long those sainted names shall live,
 "The memories of the just ;"
 The holy Fanes our feet have trod
 Though mouldered long in dust.

Within these pleasant peaceful vales,
 Temples more glorious rise,
 As through their hallowed portals pass
 Fresh PILGRIMS to the skies.

OUR "FATHER LAND."

Good "Father Land !" thy landscapes fair
 Salute our wistful eyes,
 Compared with thine no fields so green,
 So bright no other skies !

Land of our youth ! wide spread thy vales
 In flowery verdure drest,

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Where once we thought, life's journey done,
To lay us down and rest.

For here enshrined in humble hope
Beneath thy peaceful soil,
The spirits of our Fathers find
Repose from earth-born toil.

Thy rushing streams, expanded pools,
The well-remembered groves
Where nature's songsters trilled their notes,
And maidens told their loves ;

The pastures trod by grazing herds,
Thy meadow's florid pride ;
Thy harvests waving in the breeze
Upon the mountain side ;

Thy swelling hills, thy gentle rills,
Each knoll, and brook, and tree ;
The greensward dales through which we strayed,
When "whistling o'er the lea."

Here stood, where now they stand no more,
The old paternal halls ;
The stranger's hand long since has razed
Their ancient—time-worn walls.

"Rocked by the storm of thousand years,"
"OUR ELM" still lifts its head,

Though on its scathed yet vigorous form
The lightning's bolt hath sped.

But where the Patriot and the Sage,
"The Fathers,—where are they?"
The guides and guardians of our youth?—
They all have "passed away."

Here dwelt the objects of our love,
The hopes of better days,
Before our weary feet had trod
Life's devious thorny ways.

Here rest the visions of the past,
The friends of other years ;
We scarce recall thine altered face,
Seen through thick mists of tears.

Dear "Father Land!"—that long lost face
With joy once more we view,
Before of life and thee we take
Our long and last adieu!

OUR NATIVE VALE.

Dear native Vale ! upon thy placid breast
We love to gaze, our hearts delight to rest,
As by thy quiet and unruffled side
The gentle Housatonic's waters glide.

We love those peaceful and composed retreats,
 On which no wave tumultuous ever beats,
 But calm seclusion from the world's alarms,
 Protects thy borders 'midst conflicting storms.

Yet no austere dark anchorite art thou,
 With aspect gloomy, melancholy brow ;
 Here the swift wheel of life moves ever round,
 The stirring notes of industry resound ;

Fast by the embowering groves, whose noontide
 shades,
 With foliage green o'erspread embosomed glades ;
 The toil-worn laborer luring to repose
 His weary limbs, his cheerful task to close.

Thy leaping hillocks, and thy lowly dells
 Where the fair Nymph Hygeia ever dwells,
 Still as in pristine loveliness appear,
 As rising halos on life's waning year.

No slavish chain constrains the free-born mind,
 No manacles the fettered muscles bind ;
 But free as nature's denizens man trills
 His gladsome pæans o'er his native hills.

Such be our safe retreat when round the world,
 By life's rude waves our shattered barques are
 hurled ;

Such peaceful port inviting to repose,
 'Midst sheltering groves, near SHARON'S DEATHLESS
 ROSE.

THE PILGRIM'S HOPE.

When erst the chosen tribes
 Broke from the oppressor's rod,
 To Palestine they took their way,
 Their guardian—Israel's God.

Beneath the Almighty arm,
 Upheld by heavenly might,
His cloud—their beacon in the day,
His fire—their guide by night.

On Jordan's palmy banks,
 Genesareth's fair shore,
 Their heritage from him who blest
 Their basket and their store.

So when from bigot realms
 The Pilgrim race was driven,
 To *this* fair land they bent *their* course,
 And trusted all—to Heaven.

And when by stern decree
 The Hebrew race was riven,
 Worn wanderers o'er a homeless world,
 Deserted e'en by Heaven;

Where e'er their lot is cast,
 Where e'er their footsteps roam,
 Jerusalem is still their joy,
 Their ever-present home.

With all of Israel's zeal,
 With all his fervent prayer,
 The wanderer from the Pilgrim land
 Rests *his* affections *there*.

There passed his youthful dreams ;
There broke his morning sun,
 And there he prays may set its beams,
 When life's swift race is run !

Long as in Israel's heart
 Jerusalem shall stand,—
 So long,—in the worn Pilgrim's breast
 Shall dwell—*his* FATHER-LAND.

THE RETURNING EMIGRANT'S SAL- UTATION.

TUNE—" *Heber's Missionary Hymn.*"

From Maine's bleak snow capped Mountains,
 From Georgia's scorching sand ;
 From where the King of Fountains

Breaks on the wasting strand ;
 From many a distant dwelling,
 From Homes beyond the deep,—
 We come, with full hearts swelling,
 Our Jubilee to keep.

We come, our memories meeting,
 With visions of the past ;
 We come, with rapture greeting
 Our first love and—our last.
 In vain though glittering treasure
 May tempt our feet to stray,
Our hearts from thee can never
 By Gold be torn away.

What though more balmy breezes
 May blow on India's strand,
 That breeze our heart more pleases
 Which fans our native land.
 And though more mighty fountains
 May lave far richer shores,
 Still brighter from her mountains
 Our HOUSATONIC pours.

Here sleep our gentle Mothers,
 Companions of the blest ;
 And here in peaceful slumbers,
 Our sainted Fathers rest.

Here passed our youthful dreamings,
 Here rose our morning sun ;
 And here in life's late gleamings,
 We would its sands should run.

Thrice welcome then ye Mountains,
 Which greet our wistful eyes !—
 All hail ye healthful fountains
 Which in yon hillocks rise !—
 Those fountains yet may perish,
 Those hills no longer stand,
 The Pilgrim still shall cherish
 HIS OWN LOVED NATAL LAND.

PARTING JUBILEE HYMN.

TUNE—" *Old Hundred.*"

Our Father's God !—before thy throne,
 We bow with reverence and adore ;
 Thy hand it was, that led *them* forth,
 And placed their feet on this far shore.

Through seas of storm, their course they laid ;
 O'er billows rude their barque was driven ;
 Their faith in Thee, they ne'er forsook,
 And ventured all for truth and Heaven.

Thy Providence, which safely led,
 Through savage beasts, more savage men
 The wandering footsteps of their sons,
 Now brings *them* to this HOME again.

And when in distant, future years,
 As new born generations rise,
 May they, as with our Fathers, we
 Find "BETTER HOMES" BEYOND THE SKIES.

THE PARTING HAND.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Can brother Pilgrims be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Shall by-gone days not be recalled,
 And years of auld lang syne?
 For auld lang syne my friend,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll grasp the hand of friendship now,
 For auld lang syne.

We all have trod life's toilsome round,
 And tried each varied clime;
 We've wandered many a weary step,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne my friend, &c.

We too have felt dame fortune's freaks,
 (We hope she yet may shine ;)
 While waters wide between us rolled,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne my friend, &c.

And here's a parting hand, my friend,
 Give me that hand of thine ;
 We'll take once more a hearty shake,
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne my friend, &c.

And sure you'll ken this parting tear,
 As sure as I will thine ;
 So here's to all a kind Farewell,
 For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne my friend, &c.





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